The Audience.

THE Criticks that pretend to ſenſe
Do cavel at the Audience,
As if his Grace were not as good
To bow to, as a piece of Wood.
Did not our Fathers heretofore
Their ſenſleſs Deities adore?
Did not old *Delphos* all along
Vent Oracles without a Tongue?
And wiſeſt Monarchs did importune
From the dumb God to know their fortune.
Did not the ſpeaking Head of late
Of matters learnedly Debate?
And rendred without Tongue or Ears
Wiſe anſwers to his whiſp'ring Peers?
And ſhall we to a living Prince
Deny the State of Audience?
What thô the Bantling cannot ſpeak?
Yet like the Blockhead he may ſqueak;
Give Audience by Interpreter;
The wiſeſt Prince can do no more.
Then enter with a Princes Banner
Sir *Charles* after the uſual manner.
Great Sir, *His Holineſs* from *Rome*
Greets your high *Birth*. The Prince cry'd *Mum.*
The Conſecrated Robe and Clout,
If you'll vouchſafe to hear me out,
And many other Toys I'm come
To lay them to your ſacred Bum.
So young, yet ſuch a Godlike Ray!
Phœbus your *Dad* was Prieſt *D—a*,
Great Prince, I have no more to ſay.
Conducted next there comes, *Great Sir*,
An *Envoy* from the *Emperor*,
To gratulate your lucky fate,
That gives to *Englands* Throne new date;
We joy that Any Thing ſhould Reign,
To baffle *Orange* and the *Dane*.
The Youth, to ſee them thus beguil'd,
In token of his favour, ſmil'd.
But at the *Spaniard* laugh'd outright.
As ſhamm'd again in *Eighty Eight*.
Next, having paſs'd the inward Centry,
The doubtful *Monſieur* makes his entry.
The King my Maſter, Sir, has ſent
Your *Royal Birth* to complement;
If you will make it but appear,
That you are *Englands* lawful Heir.
Here Lady *Powis* took him ſhort,
French-man. *Have you a King? Thank* Maz'rine *for't.*
Whoe'r the Father was, the Mother
Was *France*'s Queen, [*Powis*] Who *queſtions t'other?*
At this Reproof he pawn'd a Purſe,
And parting made his Peace with Nurſe.
The *Dane*, the *Suede*, with other Nations
Come in with loud Congratulations.
Upon the *Suede* ſo fam'd for Battle
He caſt a frown and ſhook his Rattle.
And for the *Dane*, who took the part
Of good Prince *George*, he let a fart.
This put him in a ſullen fit,
Nurſe ſcarce could dance him out of it.
When an Embaſſador from *Poland*
Knock'd at the Door, and *Velt* from *Holland*,
He crying Suck'd, and Sucking cry'd,
When Lady Governeſs reply'd,
Peace, Prince, Peace, Prince, Peace, pretty Prince,
And let the *States* have Audience.
Dutch-man. *From* Holland *I am hither ſent*
To Challenge, not to Complement.
Prepare with ſpeed your Twenty Sail,
Your twice Four thouſand on the Nail;
Which by your Senate was enacted,
With Orange *when your* Sire *contracted.*
The name of *Holland* did affright
And make th' young Hero ſcream outright.
But, *Orange* nam'd, the Royal Elf,
The ſweet, ſweet Babe beſhit himſelf.
Tyrconnel, who came o'r no leſs
Than to be made his Governeſs,
To take her leave, by luck came in,
She ſuck'd his Noſe, and lick'd him clean.
Laſt came the Lady *Hales* from Play,
Mov'd by inſtinct he cry'd, *Mamma*,
And poſted to the Queen away.

EXIT.